

ON THE JOB ANWAY.

Even if it was the Lightship the Captain was Ready.

An Irish tugboat captain who is a popular favorite along the New York waterfront on account of his bluff hearty ways imbibed somewhat freely of the schooners passing over the bars of South street the other night, and finally, when he up-anchored and steered for the pier at which his boat was lying, he carried a fair-sized cargo. Boarding his boat he gave orders to cast off and astonished his mate by informing him that he was going out to look for a tow.

He started his boat out into the dark foggy night, till some time later he ran by a lightship which he was unable to make out because of the darkness. It so happened that the keeper was trimming one of the lights at the time and thus only one light was showing, which is the signal for a tow. The captain ran a boat up alongside and belloved out into the night.

"Hey, aboard ship there!"
No reply.
"I say, aboard ship there!" repeated the captain in stentorian tones.

This time the keeper responded with a whoop.
"Do ye want a tow in?" shouted the captain, making a megaphone of his hands.

"Ye drunken fule!" came the reply. "Don't you see this here is a lightship."

The captain squared himself beligerently and shouted back in exasperation.
"An' p'wat does not matter ye son of he goat? Faith, I d' not care whether ye are light or loaded, I'll 'ow yer in anyhow!"

EASILY EFFECTED.



Driggs—I enjoy a walk in the country when once I get started. I wish there was something that would often force me to take one.

Driggs—Why don't you get an automobile.

No Hair-Splitting.

"But," argues the exasperated automobilist, who has been hailed before the country justice, "you haven't the shadow of a reason for arresting and trying me. Why, man, my machine was standing stock still. Absolutely motionless! Even the constable will tell you that."

"The automobile was a standstill still all right," acknowledges the constable, "but its engine was running full blast, and it sounded just like they do when they go forty miles an hour."

"But my machine was not moving! Judge, this is preposterous!"

"The evidence is all against you," coldly decides the justice. "Twenty dollars and costs. This is not the time or place for idle technicalities."—Judge.

Art and Coin.

"These new 20-dollar gold pieces are very artistic."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Why any artist will tell you so."

"Well, the artists don't know."

"I like to know why they don't if anybody."

"Because most artists have never seen 'em."—Cleveland Leader.

The Interest of Rustus.

Rustus—Boss, ain't 'er goin' to run for no office dis year?

Mr. Hiskins—No, Rustus, not this year.

Rustus—I'm sorry for 'er. 'Cos I certainly does need de money dis year.—Newark Evening Star.

Keeping Their Minds Occupied.

"You didn't really care when your daughter eloped with young Nabob?"

"Of course not."

"Then why did your motor car pursue their eighty miles?"

"I didn't want to give them leisure to repent and come back."

An Unhappy Outlook.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture.

Caretaker—Yes, sir, some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor mouldeering next door, sir.—Harpers Weekly.

Women's Ways.

Two tendencies of womankind are prone to make men frown:

One is to run up bills and one to run the neighbors down.

—Boston Transcript.

The average man who sets out to make money ends by thinking he is lucky to cut down his losses.

Up the Spout.

Rounder—It says here to clean a diamond ring one should soak it.

Spender—Well, this one I have on should be the cleanest in the country. It has been "soaked" a dozen times.—Chicago News.

Couldn't Stand the Solecism.

Burglar—If you move you're a dead man.

Bostonian—On the contrary, my good sir, if I move it is incontrovertible evidence that I am alive.—Boston Transcript.

Outgrow Wagner

Great Composer Now Part of History Only

By WALTER DAMROSCH,
Famous Orchestra Leader.



Wagner was a theorist. Of course I never attempted to belittle his greatness, for I have devoted many years of my life, many hours of study and some of my best efforts to bring the American people to a realization and an intimate understanding of his genius. But primarily it was Wagner's purpose to materialize his idea of the union of the arts and the result of this exemplification is a series of art works that is put before the world as an expression of thought in drama, music, sculpture and painting. The Wagner music dramas are so far as form is concerned the last word, but after all my years of labor as a musician I can not deny my wholehearted devotion to absolute music. If I were not so devoted to music as an identical art, and to me the supreme art, I should not be a musician. I have sought to give to my public that information, both musical and literary, which should bring the fullest enjoyment of their purely musical quality and also

of their significance in the realm of intellect. Each great composer speaks in his own tongue and his ideas are molded in a different fashion. The personalities of these men are, of course, tinged with their philosophic conceptions of life and the art forms in which they speak are largely governed by their material circumstances. Many a man, no doubt, that has wished with all his heart to write a symphony, has been turned into the opera house by the force of conditions he could not control. Who shall say that Wagner might not have been a great symphonist had he not had a sort of divine rage against the operatic theatricalism of his time and been obsessed by his passion to show to the world a composite art form which he conceived he had invented?

Wagner has his deep effect upon absolute music as well as upon opera, but it is in the theater that his largest influence has been felt. All the opera composers that have come after Wagner have benefited by his example, notably the new Italian composers. So much can not be said of the writers of orchestral music, for they have generally kept aloof. It is upon the general musical mind that Wagner has cast his spell. His place is fixed. He has become a part of history. But history moves.

Music is coming into its own again and we shall some day know that it is capable of expressing our highest thoughts and aspirations, unassisted by any sister art. We could not know this from Beethoven or from Brahms or from Tchaikowsky, because there was yet an obscurity to be cleared up. This was Wagner's work.

Money and Human Happiness

By ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. The deplorable family quarrels which so often afflict the rich generally have their rise in sordid differences about money. The most miserable of men as old age approaches are those who have made money-making their god; like flies on the wheel, these unfortunates fondly believed they were really driving it, only to find when tired and craving rest that it is impossible for them to get off, and they are lost—

plenty to retire upon but nothing to retire to, and so they end as they began, striving to add to their useless hoards, passing into nothingness, leaving their money behind for heirs to quarrel over.

Great fortunes are few. The aggregate of wealth embraced in these is small compared with the amount in very moderate fortunes.

Gigantic fortunes, in the nature of things, must be fewer and harder to build up in the future than in the past. Most great enterprises are now in the corporate form. The writer knows but one man now in active business who is likely to have an exceptionally large estate, and the foundation of that was laid more than half a century ago by the purchase of timber lands which have increased enormously in value.

Meanwhile, our immediate duty is to distribute surplus wealth to the best of our abilities in such forms as we believe best calculated to improve existing conditions, and to secure its more equitable distribution hereafter by heavy progressive death duties and by assessing the people in proportion to their ability to support the government.

We must all learn the great truth that only competence is desirable, almost necessary, wealth non-essential, and when it does come it is only a sacred trust to be administered only for the general good.



Goodness and Sin Alike Growing

By PROF. EDWARD A. ROSS.

the commercial relation, the abuse of the professional relation and the abuse of the fiduciary relation.

But goodness is developing as well as sin. The earlier goodness took the form of personal ministrations. But the Good Samaritan is no longer the pattern. As our relations become various and complex the upholder of laws and moral standards becomes more precious. Again, as the state becomes the organ of the general welfare, the civic champion who fights dishonesty and stupidity in government counts for more than Father Damien or Sister Dora. The latter-day saint is not the one who feels the hungry and visits the sick, but the assailant of iniquity, whose success lessens the number of to-morrow's hungry or sick.

Hat as Badge of Slavery. With the ancient Greeks the hat was simply an appurtenance of the traveler. The free citizen preferred to go bareheaded and only put on his broad-brimmed petasus for protection against the sun when on a long journey. The uncovered head was part of his dignity, for the slaves and workmen were always a kind of pointed skull cap.

Ancient Mining Center. An Egyptian mining center—probably worked as early as 2500 B. C.—was in the eastern desert, between the Red sea and the Nile. The lately discovered remains described by C. J. Aldred include small irregular stone huts, arranged in groups of two or three, to towns large enough for 1,000 men.

Sale bills, they are printed at the Dispatch office while you wait. Prices are right and a free notice of sale in the Dispatch goes with each set of posters.

DIFFERENT STYLES.

How Meredith and Browning Might Describe the Same Incident.

If Browning and George Meredith were describing the same act they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter or a stupefaction of the assaulted in that of the object of the assault.

He might write: "Wainwood's 'men vary in veracity' brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air, accompanied with a clarity as of the annihilated."

Meredith, in other words, would speak queerly because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

What then? "You lie" and doormat below stairs
Takes bump from back.

This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

BEARDED LADIES.

A Parisian Showman Says They Are Quite Numerous.

An Englishwoman who confesses to a mild mania for attending the street fairs common in and around Paris says that she is always impressed by the extraordinary number of bearded ladies among the attractions.

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard, I could no longer withhold my curiosity."

"I applied for information to a gentleman well known in the showman world and who acts as a kind of agent to the people owning shows, supplying them with the necessary goods, human and otherwise. This gentleman appeared surprised at my question."

"Bearded ladies!" he exclaimed. "I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and moustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition."

Winged Burglars.

Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire for work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

One Reason.

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't. You can't stand it."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Wait For It.

A couple of Scotch ministers were taking dinner together one summer day, in a little manse in the highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said:

"Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?"

"Na, na," said the other. "I never feel tempted. I just gang."

Plenty of Him.

"What sort of man is Jinks?"
"The impression you get of Jinks depends on the circumstances under which you meet him. If you're there to collect money you won't like him. But if you're there to pay money he seems a lovely character."

His Way Out of It.

"He don't give nuthin' to the church now?"

"No. Somebody told him the Bible says salvation is 'free,' an' he says fur be it from him to dispute the Scriptures!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Liberty exists in proportion to whole-some restraint.—Webster.

"Seeing" Plants.

Professor Darwin is right. Plants can see—some plants. Take corn and rye, for instance. With proper treatment these plants sometimes see double, and frequently they see things that aren't there.—New York Telegraph.

End of Mankind.

"Now, boys," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me the final end of all mankind?"
"Yes, m'am, I can," promptly answered the boy at the foot—the latter of 'em.—Exchange.

GOOD BUSINESS.

The Thrifty Young Man Found a Profitable Investment.

A millionaire, hoping to encourage his young son in ways of thrift, promised to give him 2 per cent a month interest upon any money that he might save out of his allowance and deposit in the paternal treasury. The young man was getting 15 a week for pocket money and promised to show his appreciation of his father's affectionate offer. He began to make deposits without delay and kept the practice up with remarkable regularity.

The old gentleman noticed presently that the deposits exceeded the whole of the boy's allowance, but accounted for this by supposing that he had saved some money previously. Besides this, he received money frequently from his mother. So the fond parent rejoiced in the saving disposition that his son was displaying.

This continued until the boy's deposits assumed such dimensions as to demand an explanation. It then turned out that most of the money he had been depositing had been borrowed. Inasmuch as he was drawing interest on his deposits at 2 per cent per month and was paying only 10 per cent per year for them he had found the business decidedly attractive and profitable.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE DEVILFISH.

He is Not a Man Eater, but a Gently Reared Monster.

Contrary to popular belief, the devilfish is not a man eater, according to an official publication issued by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, after an authoritative study of the subject by Dr. Theodore Gill, associate in zoology in the national museum. "The food of the devilfishes," he says, "so far from being large animals and occasionally a man or so, as has been alleged, appears to be chiefly the small crabs, shrimps and other crustaceans and young or small fishes. Rarely does one prey on large fishes."

Dr. Gill says that in a number of respects the young devilfish grows up under nursing and training remarkably like that of a human being. It is nourished, for instance, from its mother's milk. It is a peculiarity of the devilfish, he adds, that, instead of laying many thousands or millions of eggs, it normally has only a single young one at a birth. A baby devilfish is sometimes as broad as five feet and weighs twenty pounds or more.

Dr. Gill adds that devilfishes move about from place to place in a sort of submarine flight, speeding themselves along by flaps of the long winglike fins.

Day Dreams.

If you have a particular piece of work to do, get it done. Don't wait for the mood to strike you.

Don't dream! There are more precious hours wasted in day dreams than any of us would care to think about if we counted them.

The queer thing about day dreams is that so few of them ever amount to anything. The dreamer is only semiconscious when building his air castles, so, as a rule, they have no practical foundation.

While you are at work, keep your mind on what you are doing, and do not let it wander off to what you would like to be doing. Only by keeping your mind on what you are doing now can you bring it fresh and keen to the things you like doing best when the time for doing them comes. Thinking too much about even great happiness takes the "edge" off it.

The best time for day dreams is after you have gone to bed.—New York American.

The Better Part.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired between the birds."

Waiters on Horseback.

In great French houses of days gone by dinner was announced by the blowing of hunting horns, and it is on record that at certain gala feasts the dishes were brought in by servants in full armor mounted upon caparisoned horses, a practice we could only look for during the reign of chivalry. Of the attendants at dinner the carver and server took precedence over all the others. They stood probably on each side of their lord. The server, it may be mentioned, was the officer who placed the dishes on the table.

Til For Tat.

First Teacher—You told me to remind you to punish Willie Thompson this morning for impudence. Second Teacher—I'll do it tomorrow. I'm called before the school board today for insubordination.—Lippincott's.

A Secret.

Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman lets out everything you tell her? Sparks—My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret—either it is not worth keeping or it is too good to keep.—London Opinion.

A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.—Lowell.

A Doubtful Future.

"Biggins has developed a habit of saying rude and sarcastic things." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I am waiting to see whether he is going to be recognized as a great bore or a social lion."—Washington Star.

Not Modesty.

Blow—Blumberg is exceedingly modest, isn't he? Knox—I hadn't noticed it. Blow—Well, he never talks about himself. Knox—Oh, that isn't modesty. It's discretion.—Chicago News.

Ingersoll dollar watches at Carpenter's.

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